

GOLD
KEY

THE FLINTSTONES

12

HANNA-BARBERA

THE FLINTSTONES

with PEBBLES and BAMM-BAMM



Martian Mopheads
go on the rampage in
DUDE RANCH ROUNDUP!

Hanna-Barbera

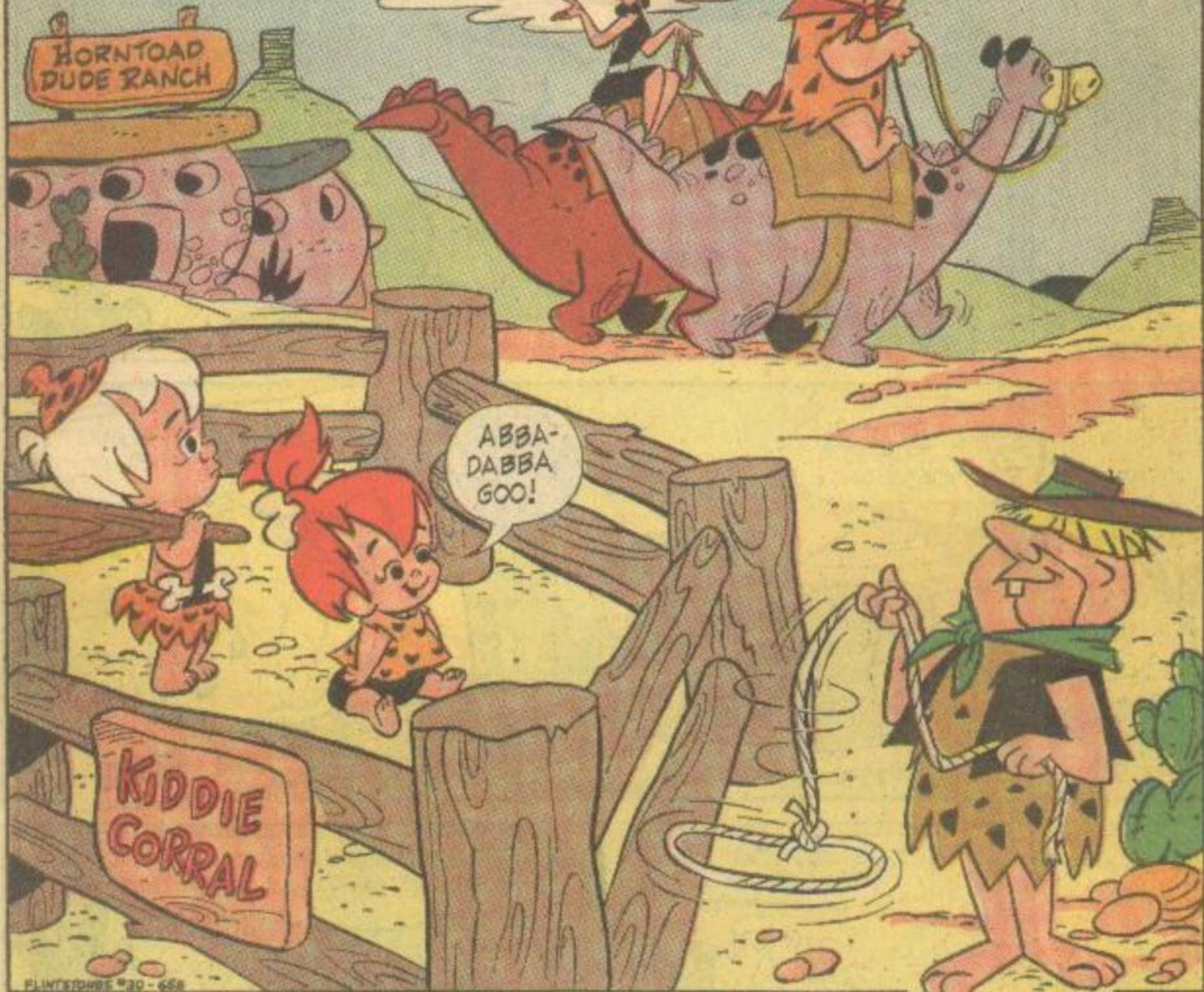
THE FLINTSTONES

DUDE RANCH ROUNDUP

FRED AND WILMA HAVE TAKEN PEBBLES AND BAMM-BAMM ALONG FOR A VACATION AT THE HORNTOAD DUDE RANCH...

HAVE FUN IN THAT COZY KIDDIE-CORRAL, KIDS!

WE'LL BE BACK AFTER WE HAVE A NICE LITTLE HORNSUS-SAURUS RIDE GIDDYUP!

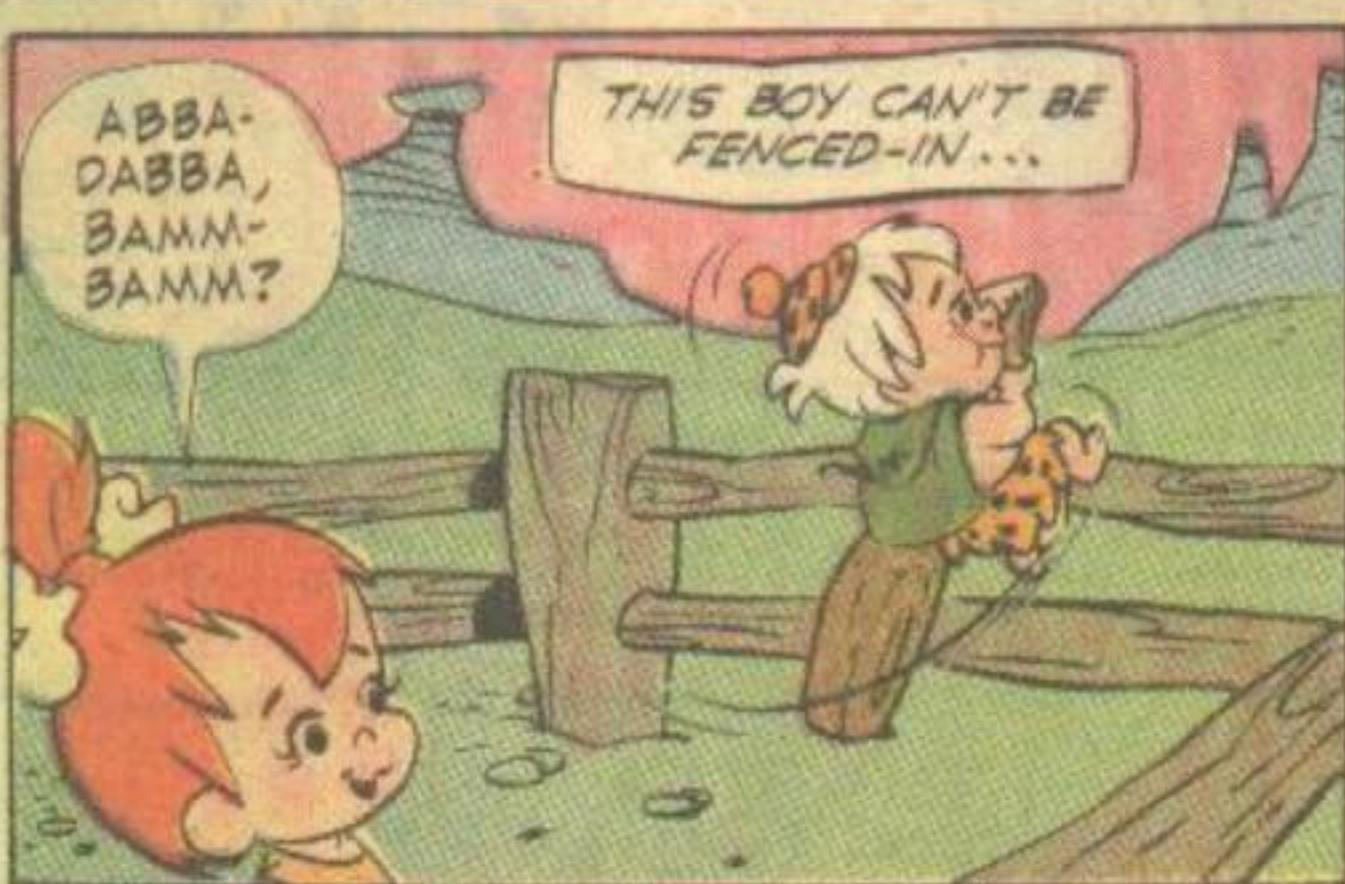
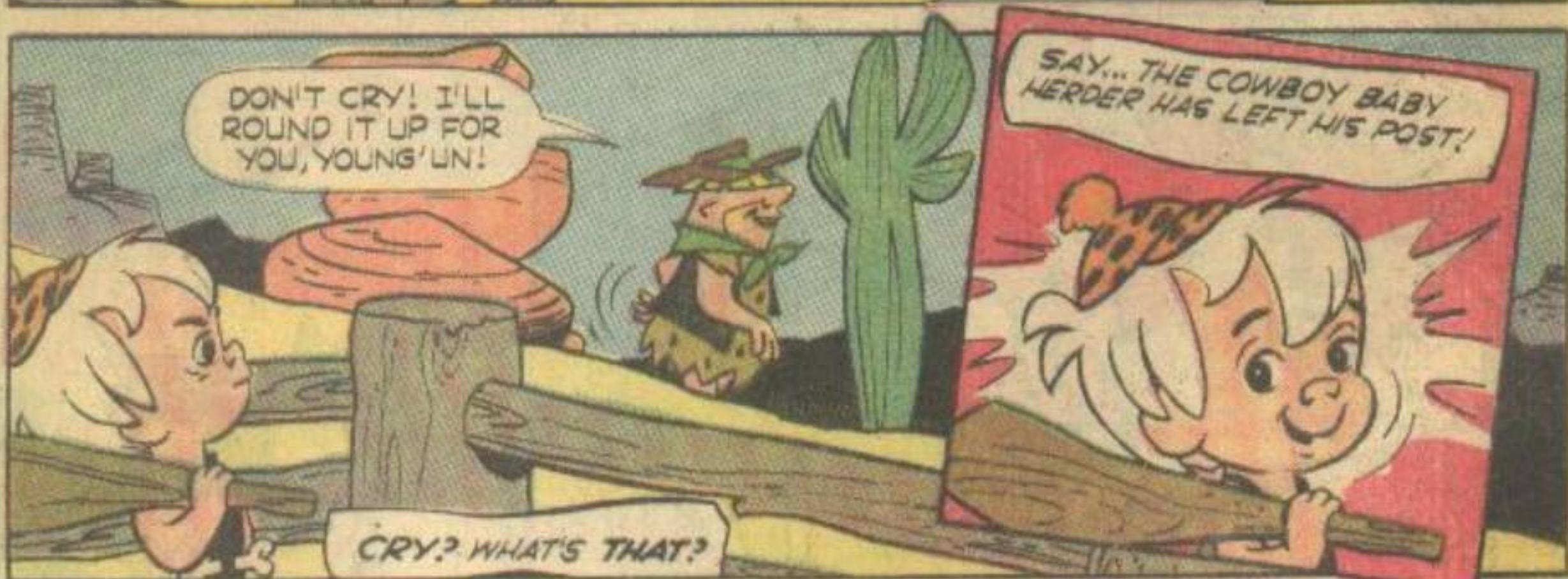


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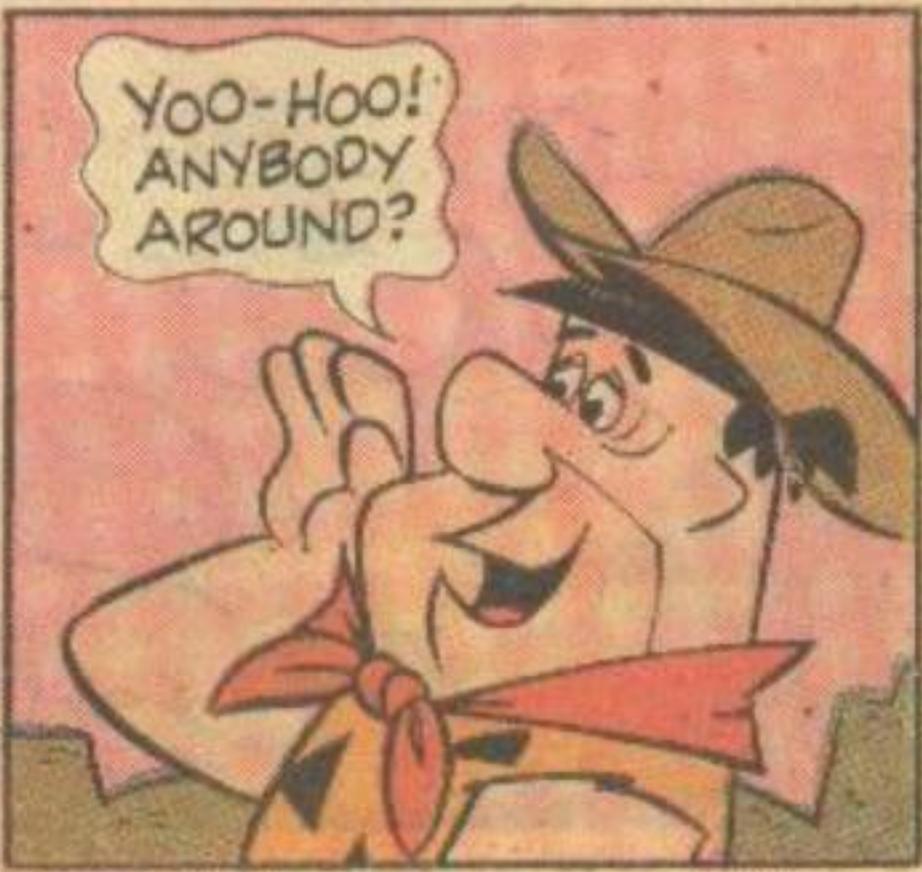
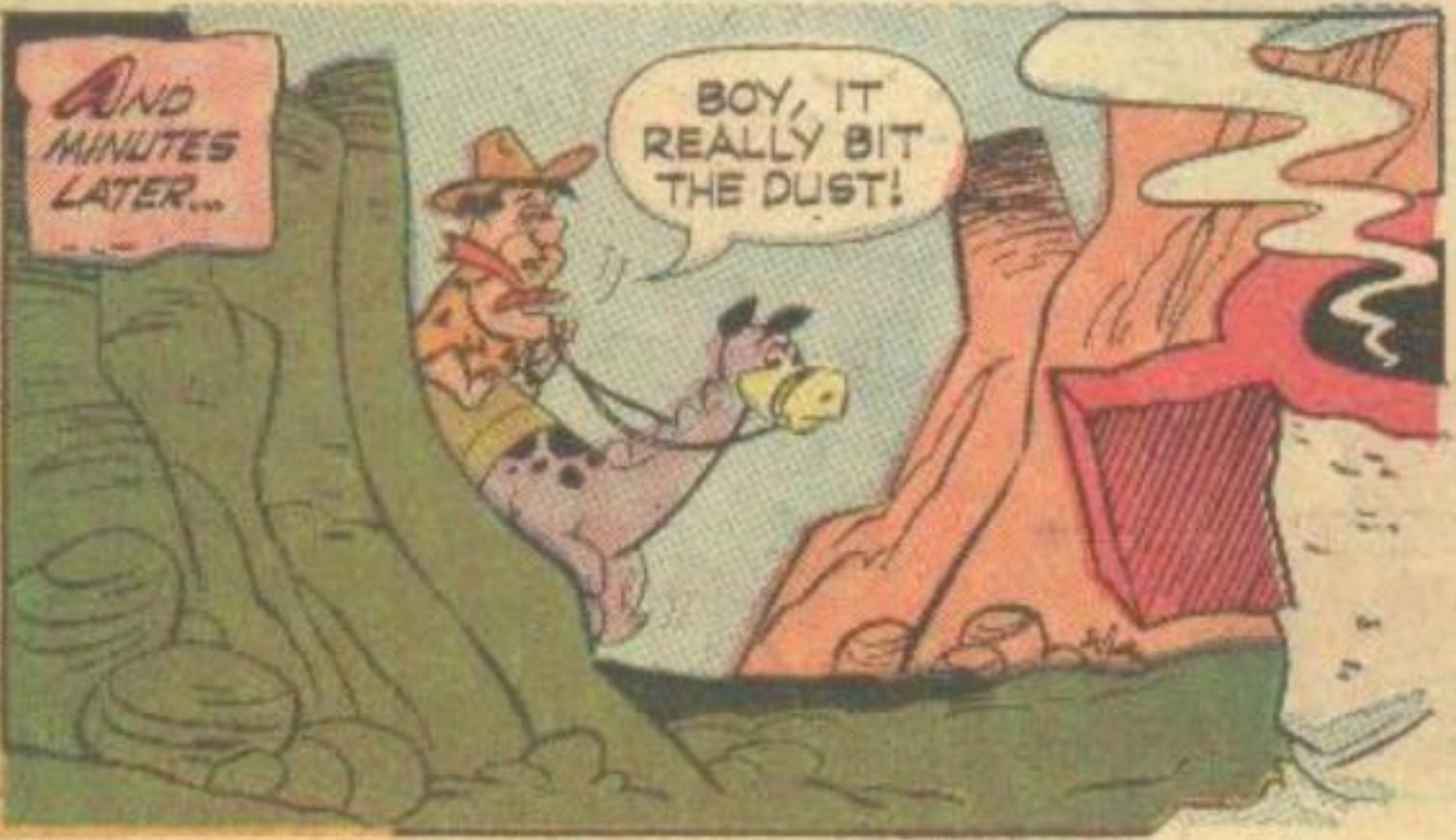
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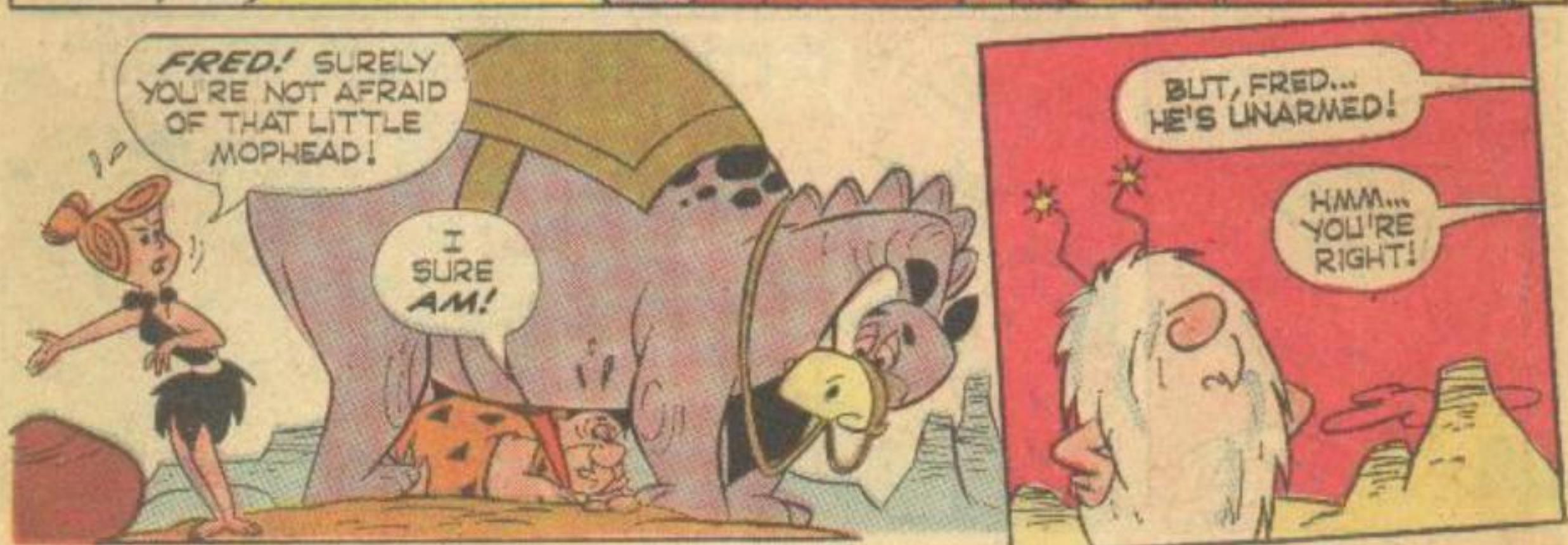
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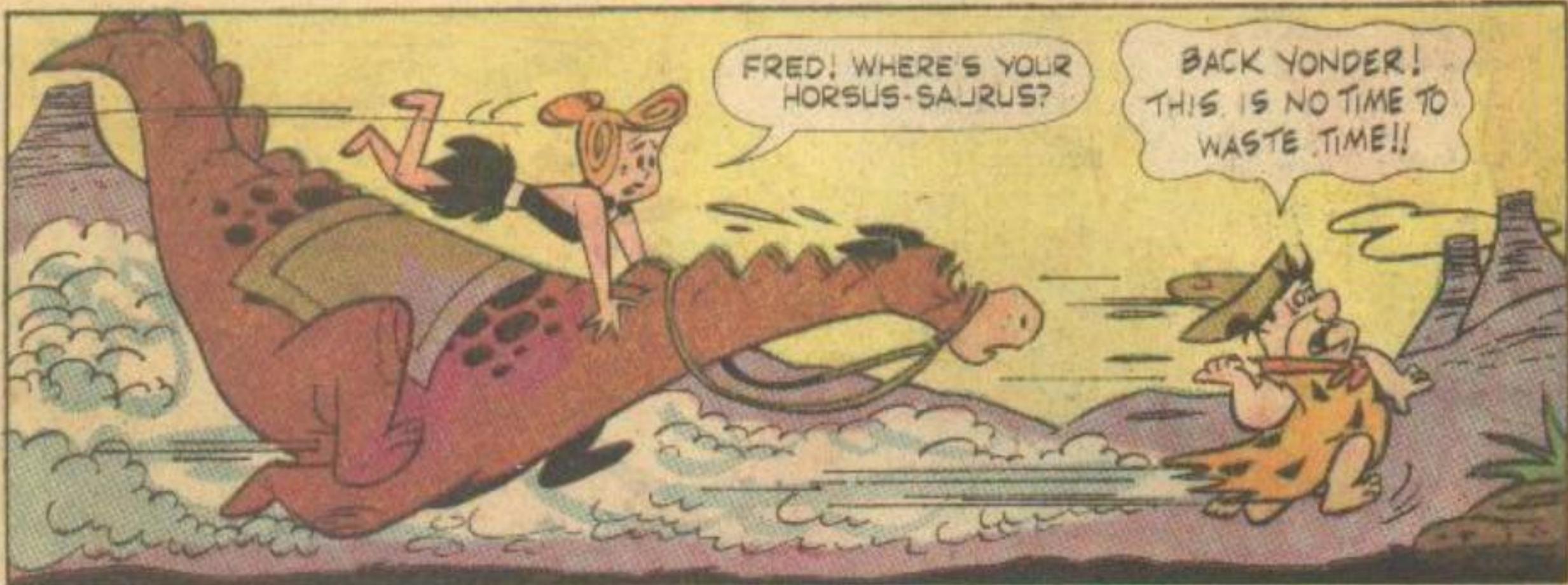




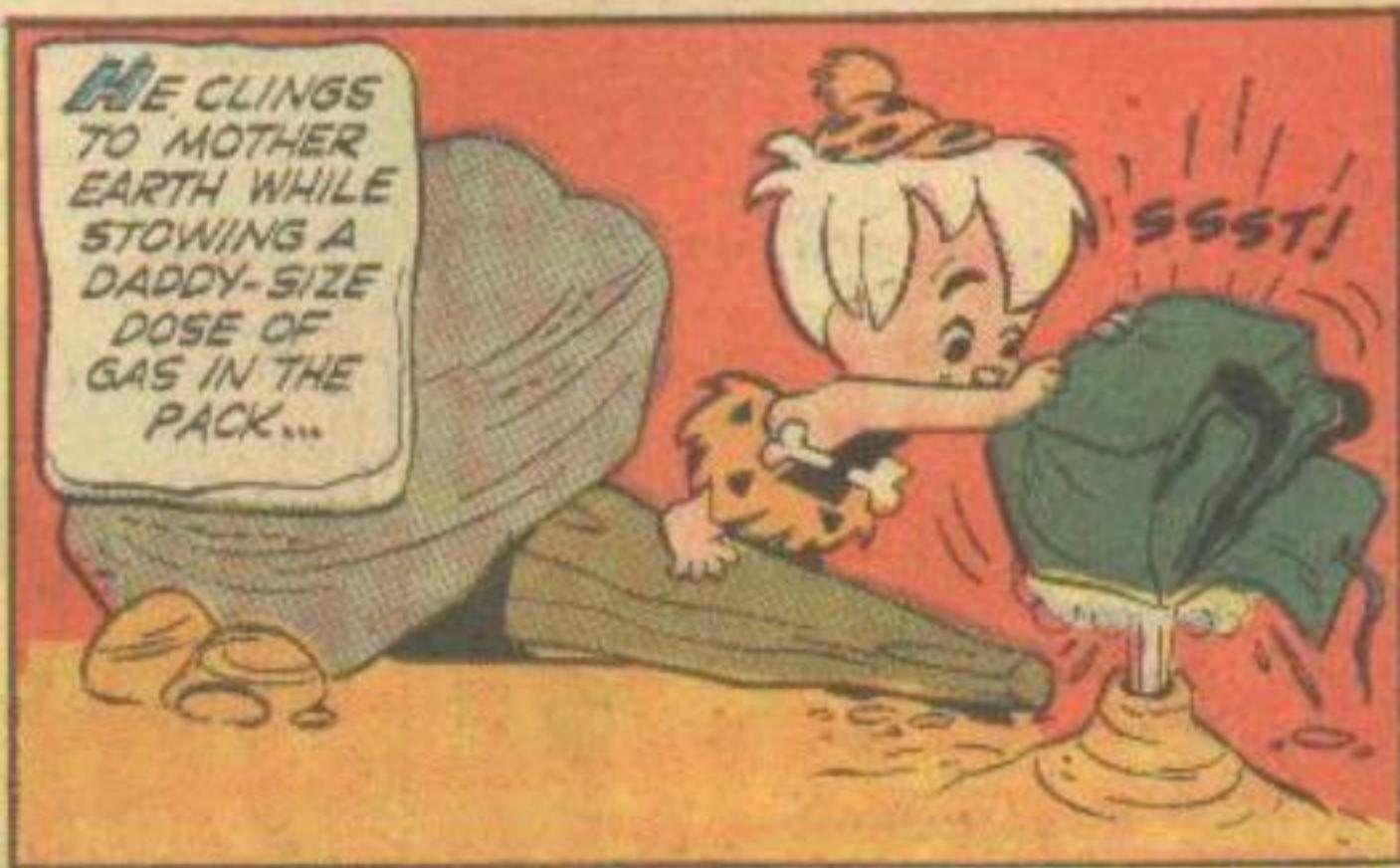
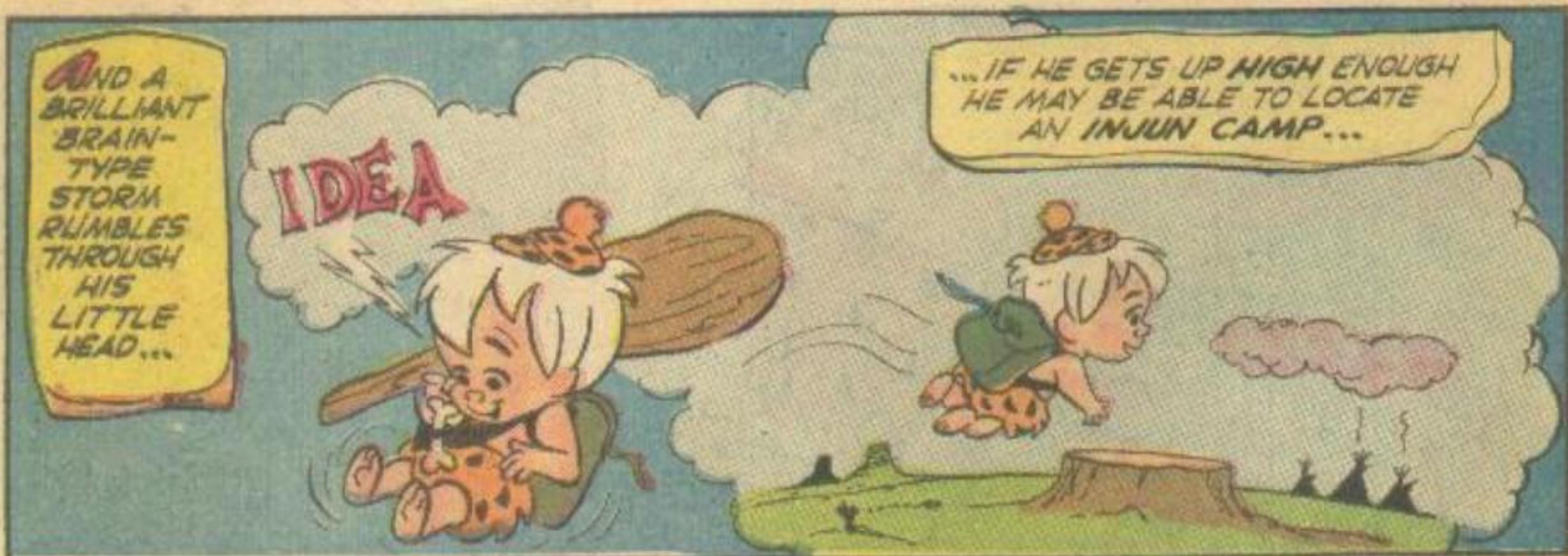
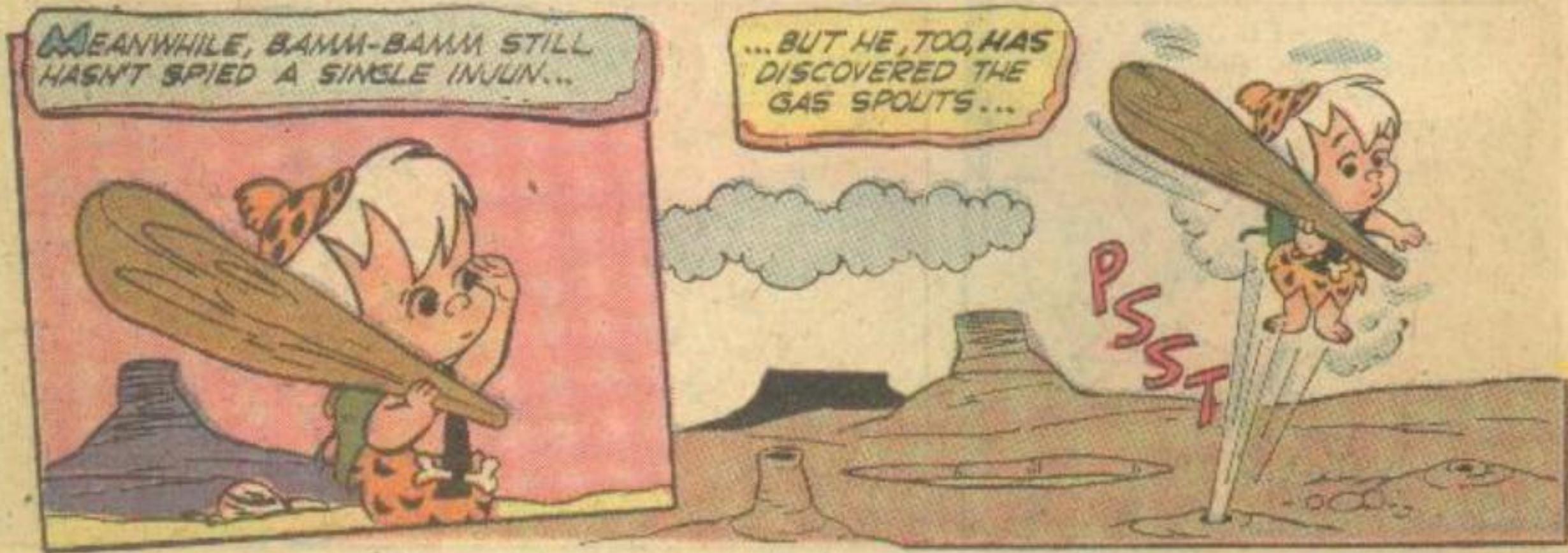












THEN OFF HE GOES
INTO THE MILD BLUE
BEYONDER...

BAMM-
BAMM!



MEANWHILE,
BACK AT THE
RANCH...

FRED, THERE'S A
JEEP COMING!

OH
BOY...

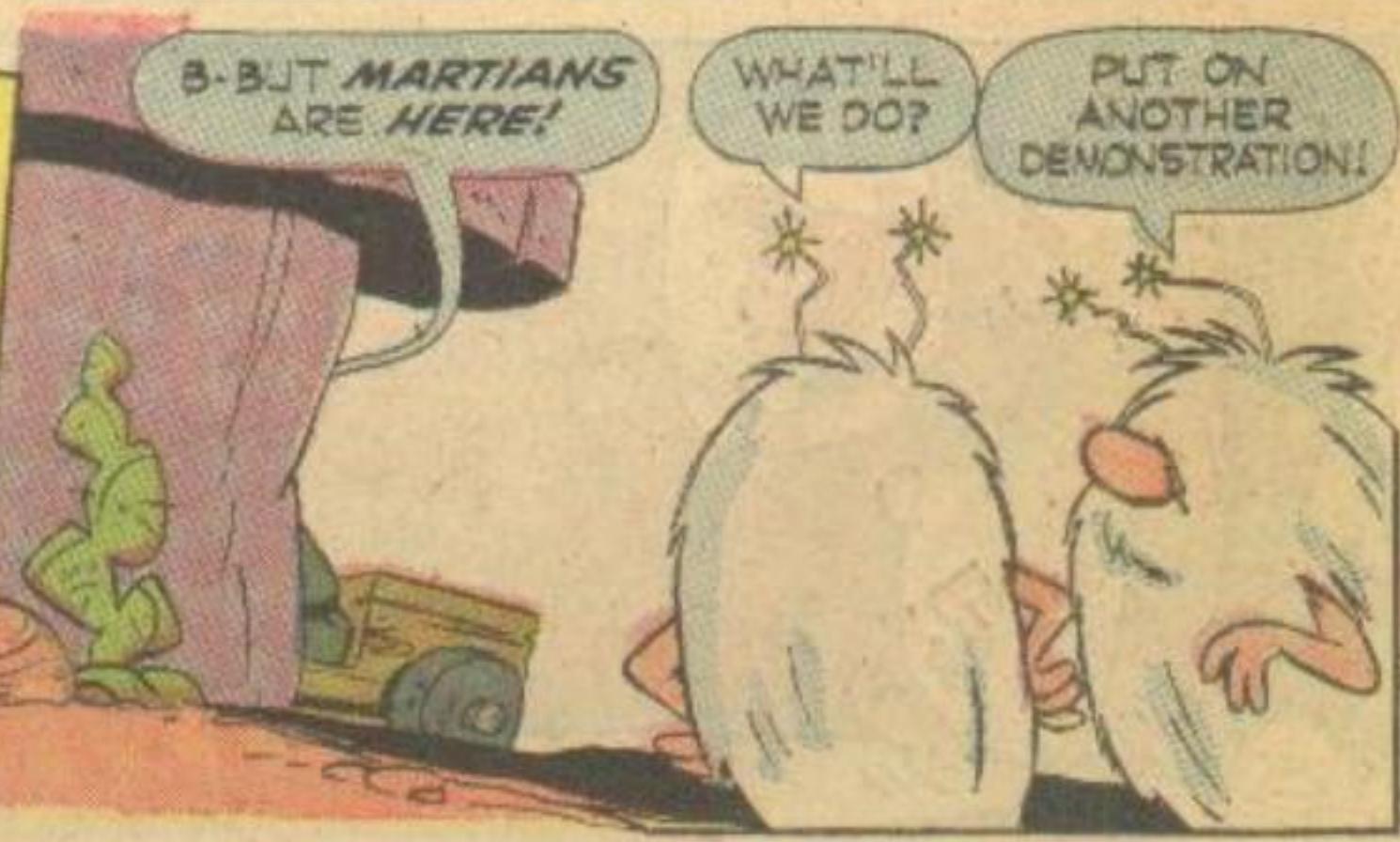


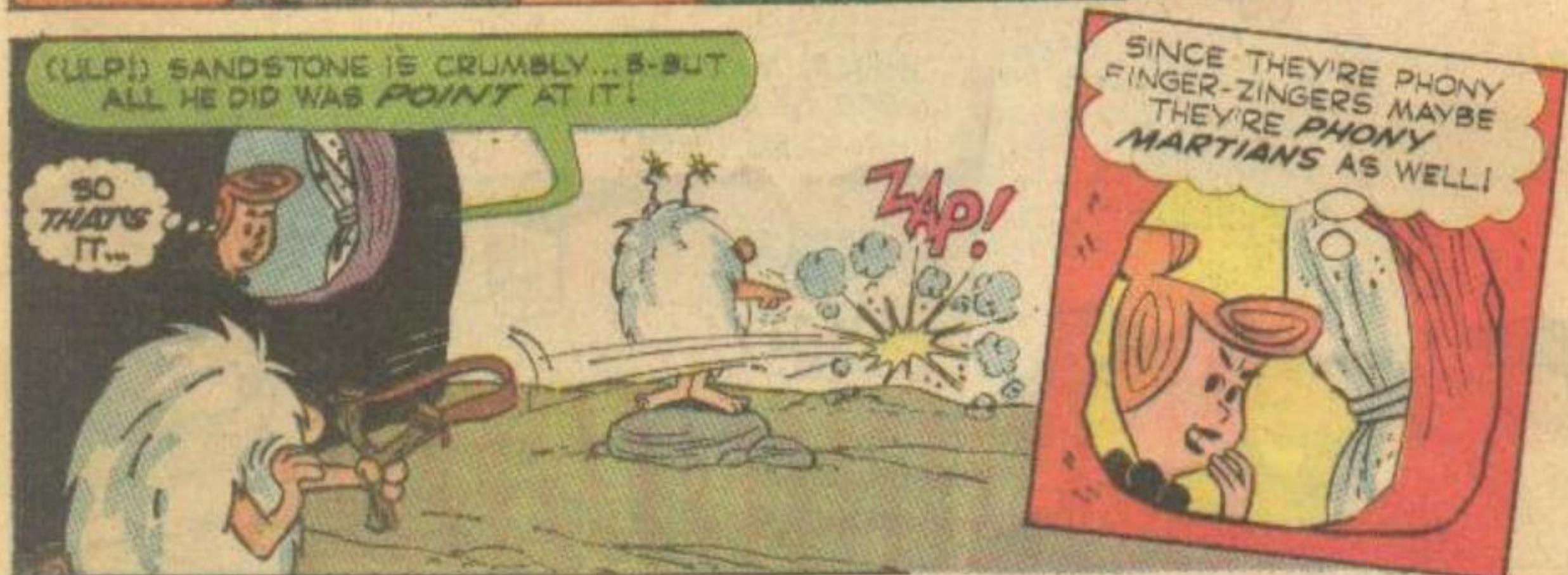
RELAX, SIR... WE'RE FROM THE
NEIGHBORING ROCKET TESTING
GROUNDS! IT'S JUST ONE OF
OUR ROCKETS THAT WENT
ASTRAY OVER THIS WAY!

B-BUT MARTIANS
ARE HERE!

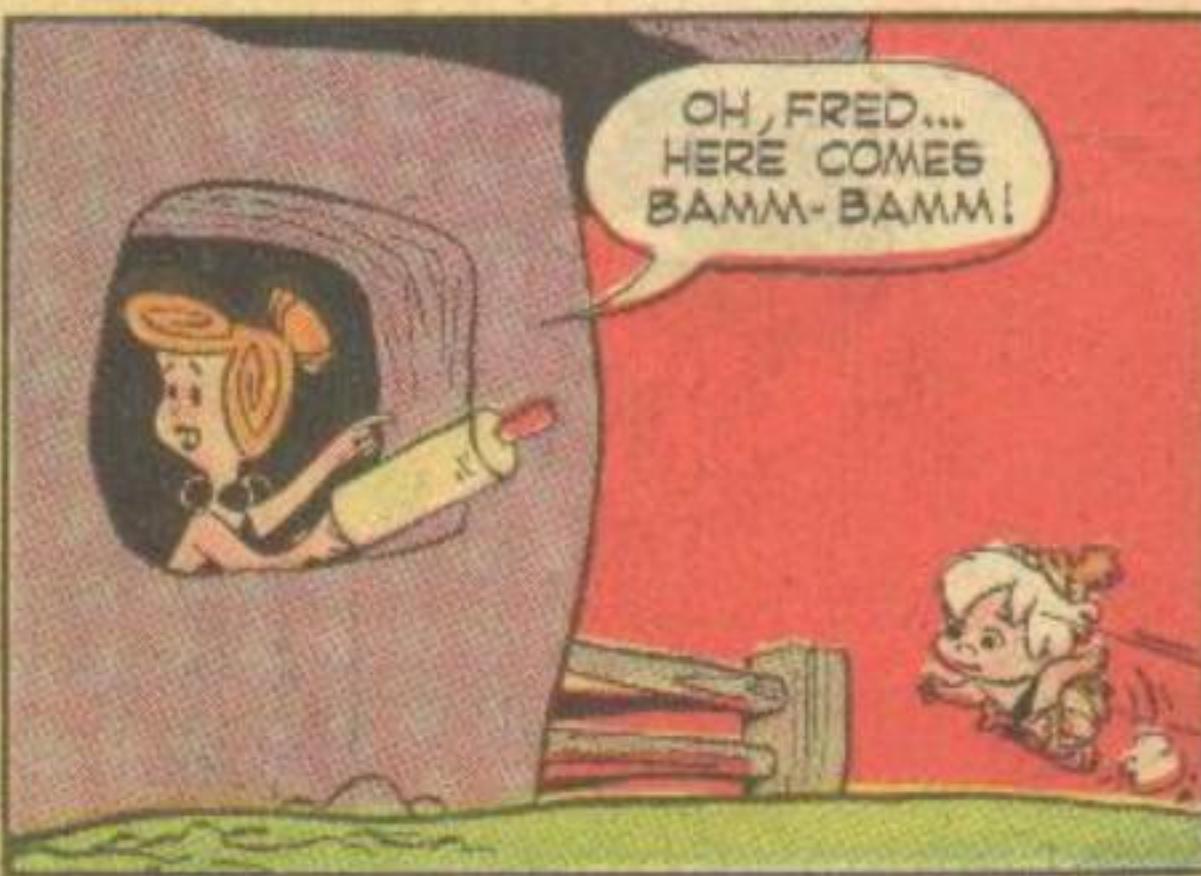
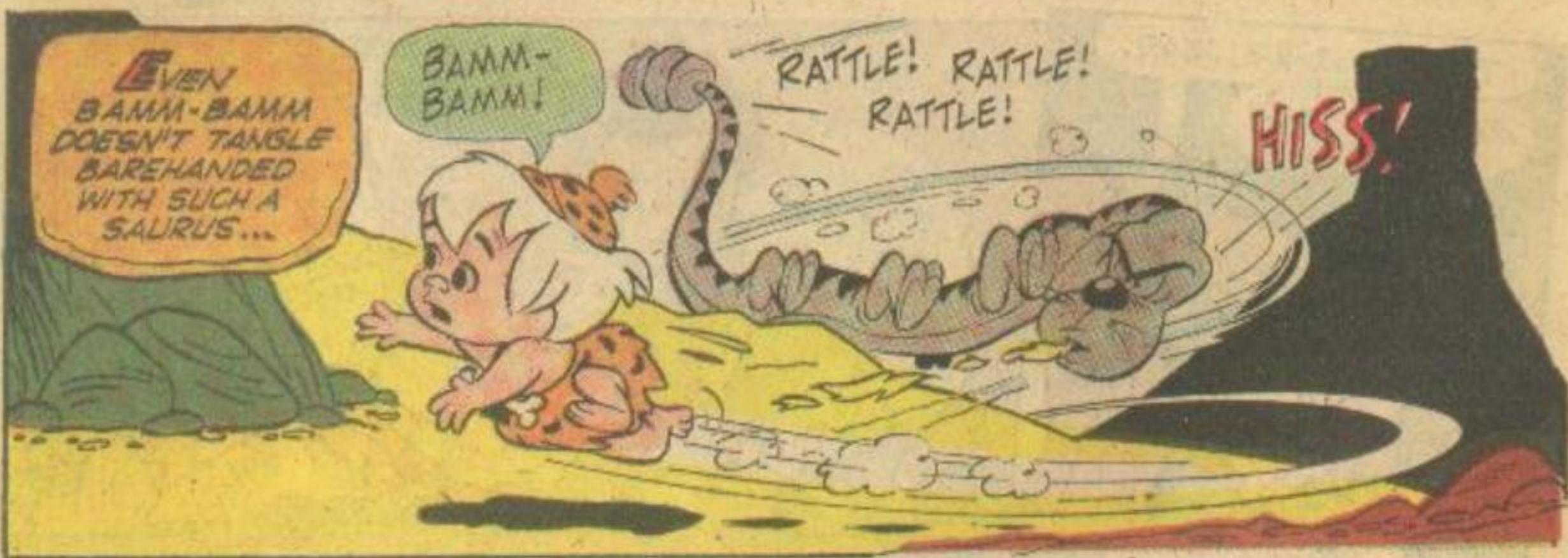
WHAT'LL
WE DO?

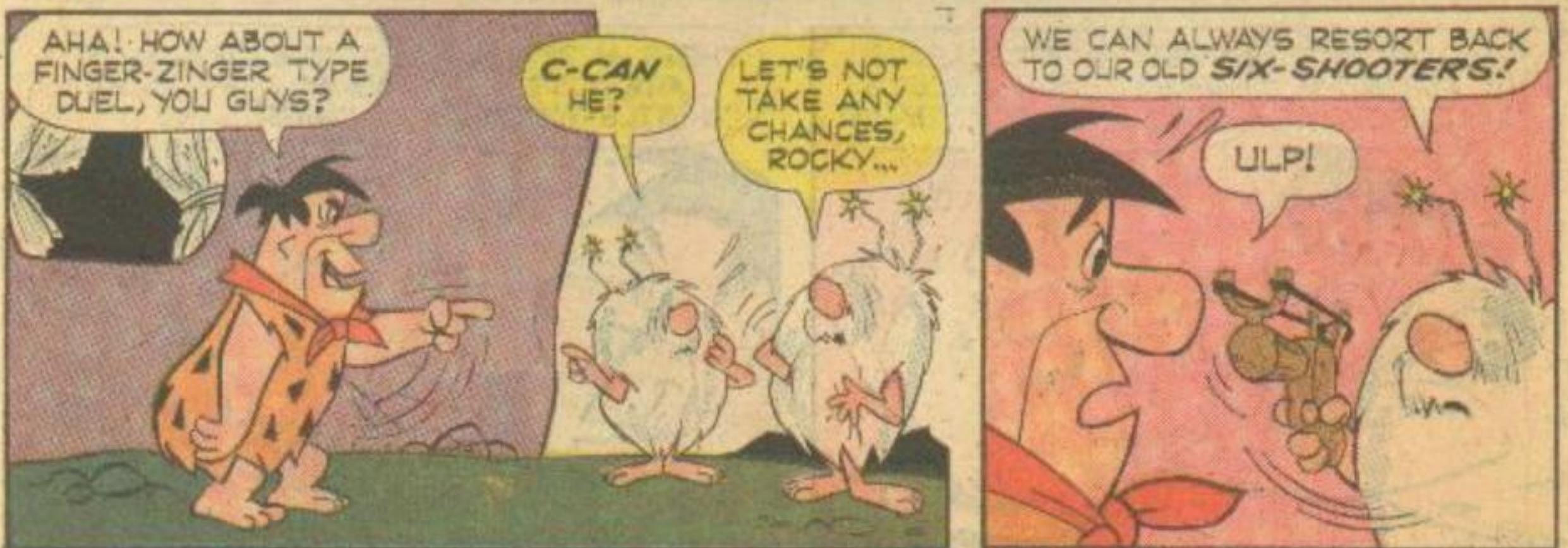
PUT ON
ANOTHER
DEMONSTRATION!

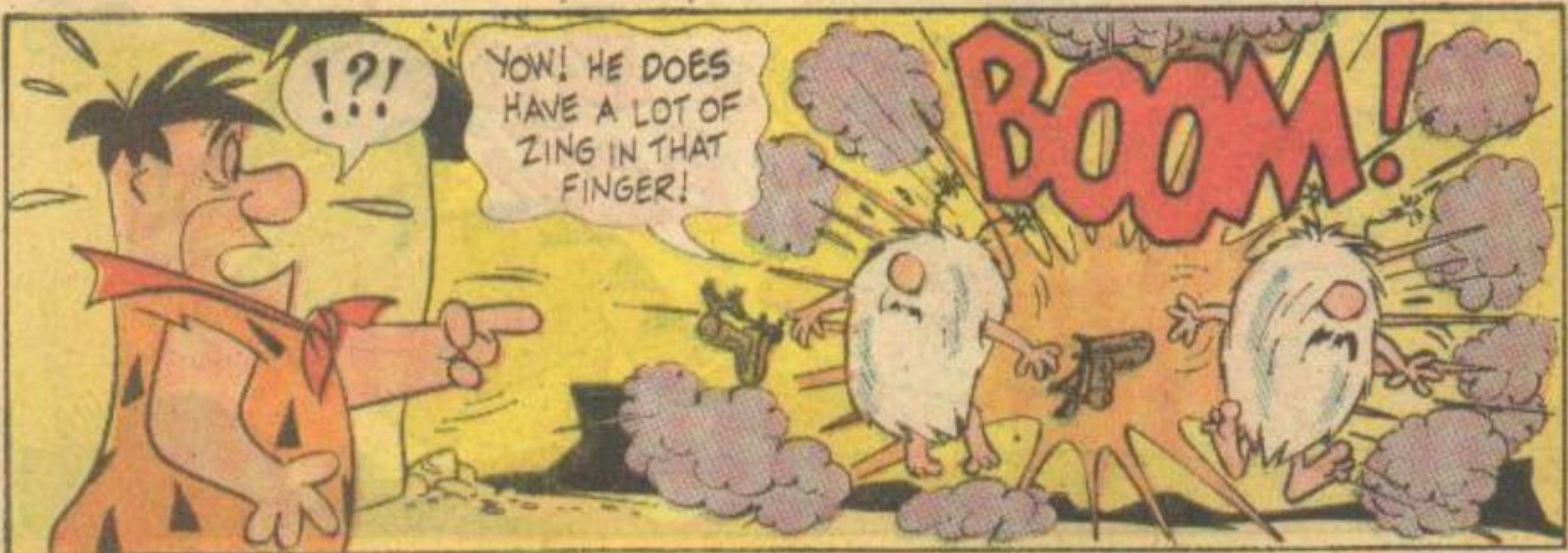










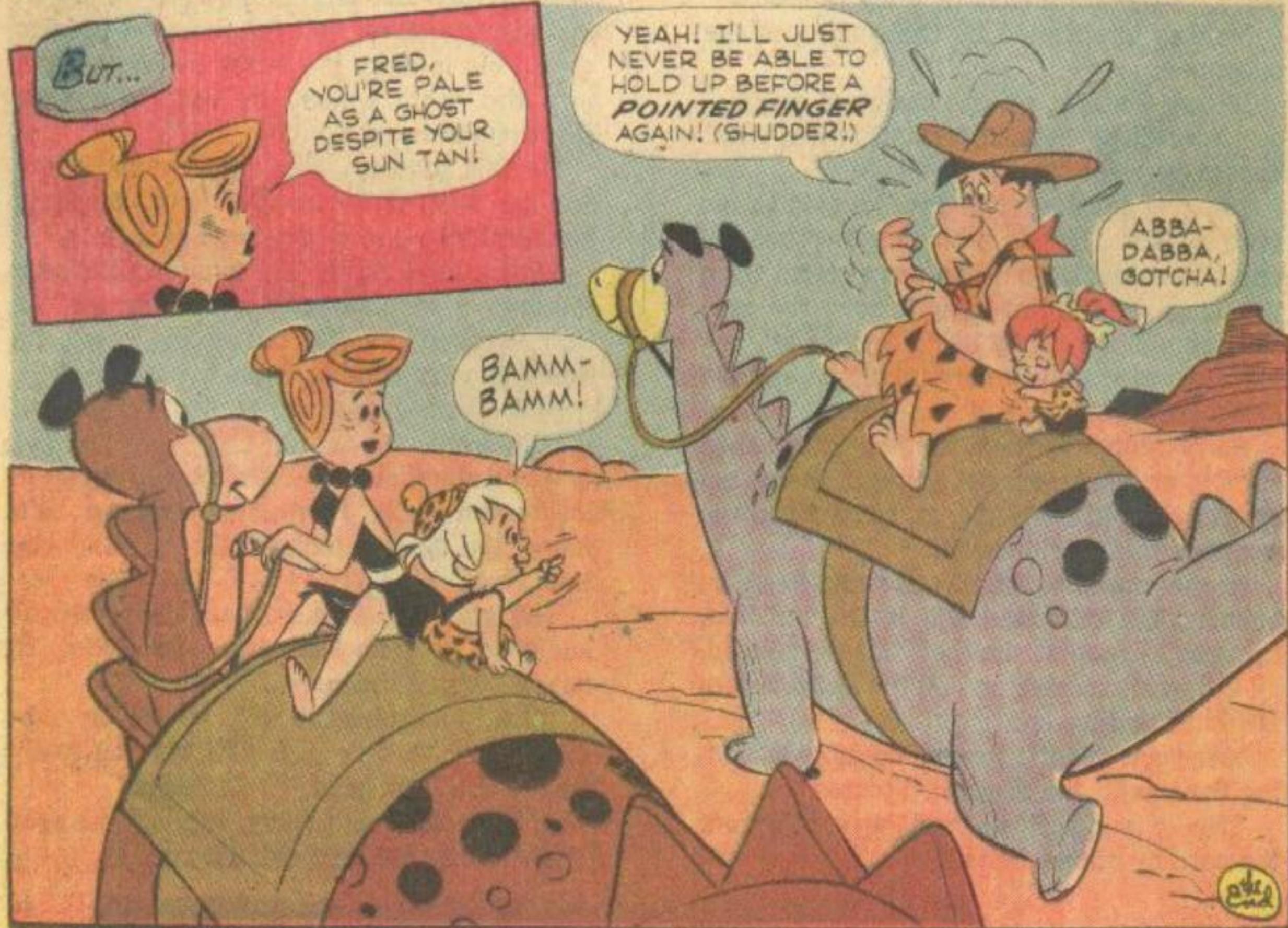
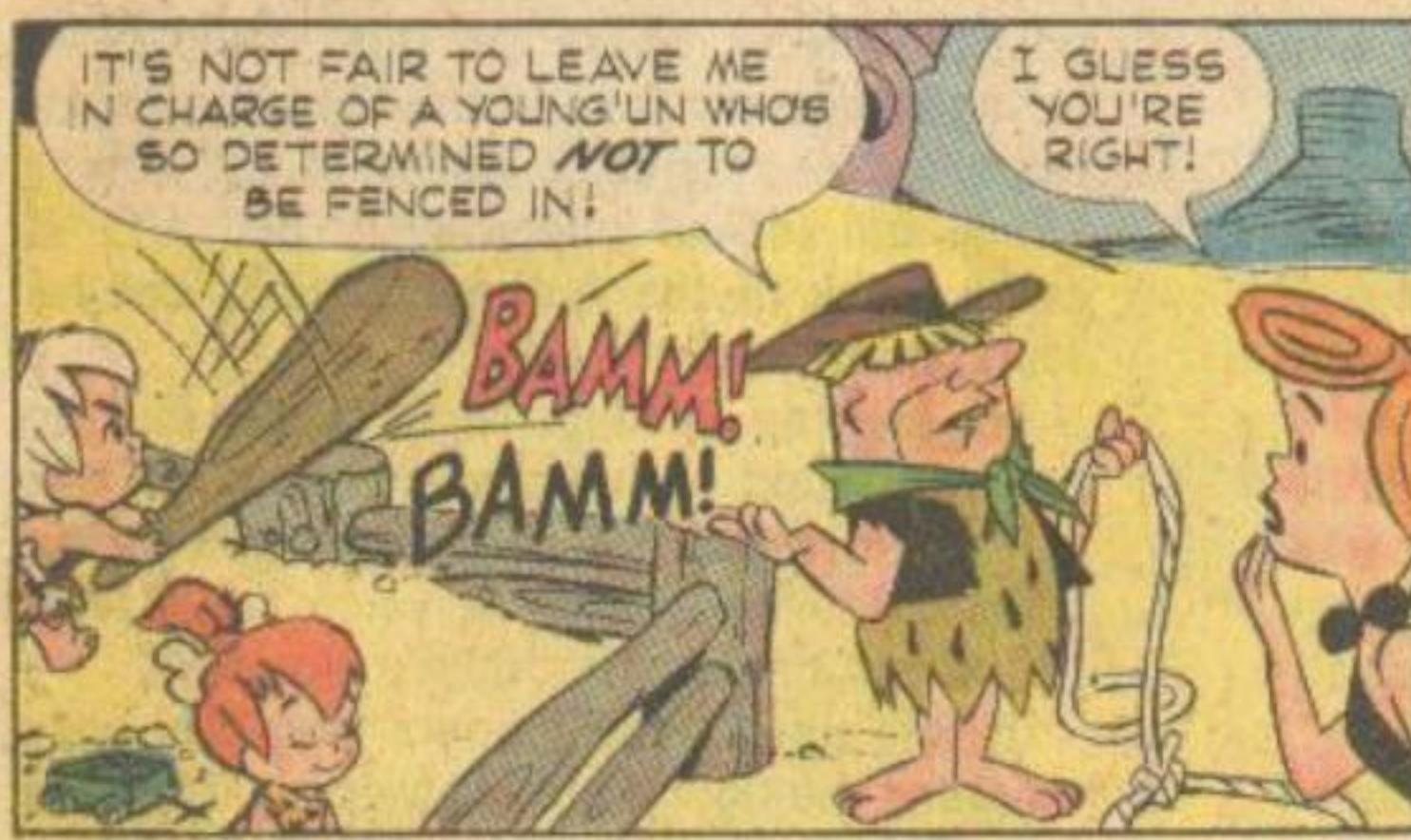
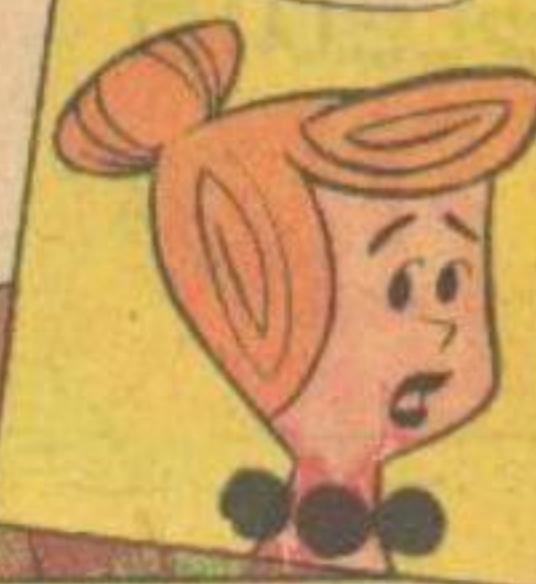




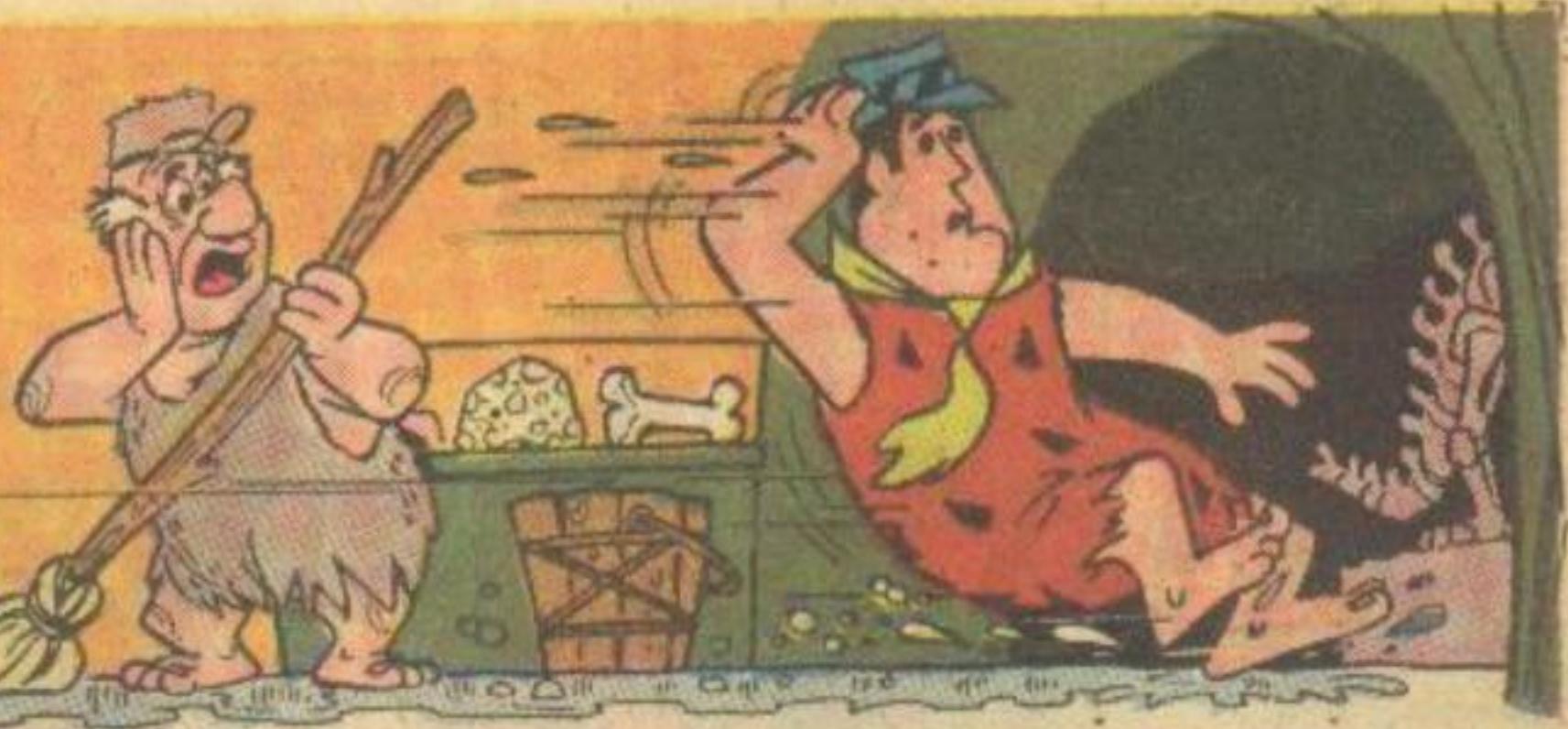
NOW THEN... BACK TO WHERE WE LEFT OFF!

YES, LET'S TAKE A NICE HORSUS-SAURUS RIDE!

WAIT A MINUTE, FOLKS...



SMART-GUY SLEUTH



A group of the neighborhood children were in Perry Gunnite's office, listening to him explain modern crime detecting.

"The day of the tough-guy detective is over!" said Perry. "A modern-type private eye, like me, relies on his brains instead of his brawn! It's the day of the scientific sleuth who uses his head!"

Perry was very anxious to impress his little admirers as to how smart he really was. And, too, he wanted to counteract the image of TV detectives who solved more cases with fists than by using their heads.

"Let me give you an example," continued Perry. "I was on a case recently where . . ."

He was interrupted by the ringing of the telephone.

"Perry Gunnite, private brain — I mean — eye, speaking!" he said. "What? When? Who? Yessir! Be right over!"

Hanging up the telephone, he said to his little guests, "Here's a chance to prove my point. A valuable gem has been stolen from the museum, and I'm going to solve the case by brains alone . . . by using my head."

"Then why are you carrying a gun and the brass knuckles?" asked one small boy.

Perry stopped, then grinned sheepishly.

"Oh, er, uh, I was just going to throw 'em away!" he said hurriedly, as he dumped the weapons in a wastebasket.

At the museum, the director told Perry he believed the thief was still in the building, because as soon as the theft was discovered, all exits were locked, and all the visitors were searched as they left.

"We want as little fuss as possible in finding the thief," the director directed.

"Never fear, sir!" assured Perry. "I'll solve the case by brains alone!"

He then began searching the museum for possible places where the thief could hide. He opened every case in the Mummy Room, examined each suit of armor in the Armor Wing, and looked under every bed and in every trunk in the Antique Exhibit, but he found no trace of the thief.

He kept on looking. Night came, and he had not found a clue that counted. He was walking around the corridors, wondering what to do next, when a voice called out: "Look out, mister! That floor's slippery!"

It was one of the janitors who was busy mopping the floors, but his warning came too late. Perry's feet started skidding wildly on the soapy surface, and the more he tried to regain his footing, the faster he slid — right into the room where the huge dinosaur skeletons were on exhibit!

His feet suddenly went out from under him and he slipped across the floor, crashing headfirst into one of the huge skeletons.

With a loud crash, the dinosaur skeleton fell into a mountainous pile of bones. As Perry groped his way out of the mess, he heard groans coming from the huge skull.

"Oh my goodness!" he gasped. "This thing is still alive!"

As he stared, a man crawled groggily from inside the skull. Perry then realized he'd found the thief's hiding place . . . and the thief, too.

The next day, at his office, Perry's eager audience of young admirers demanded to hear all about the case.

"Gee, you solved it with no gun or anything!" said a little girl. "I'll bet you really had to use your head, Mr Gunnite!"

"I sure did," said Perry, rubbing the spot where he had collided with the bones!

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ROCKY and BULLWINKLE

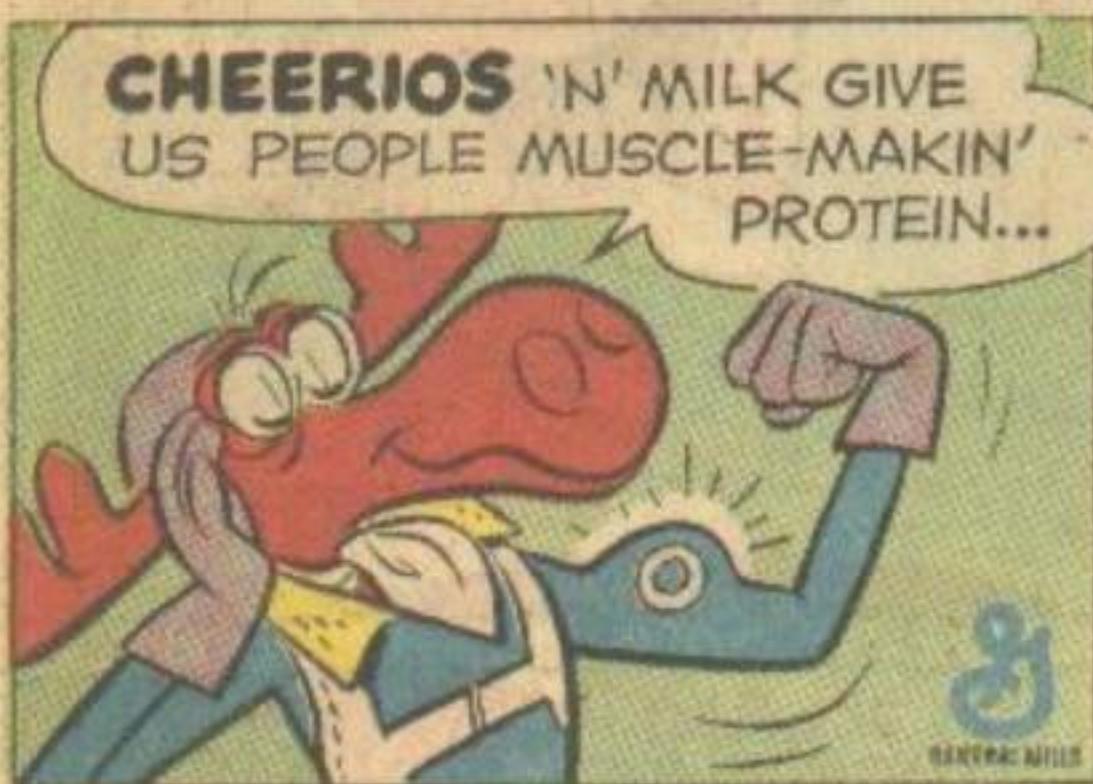
ARE **CHEERIOS**
YOUR FAVORITE
CEREAL
BULLWINKLE?

RIGHT,
ROCK.



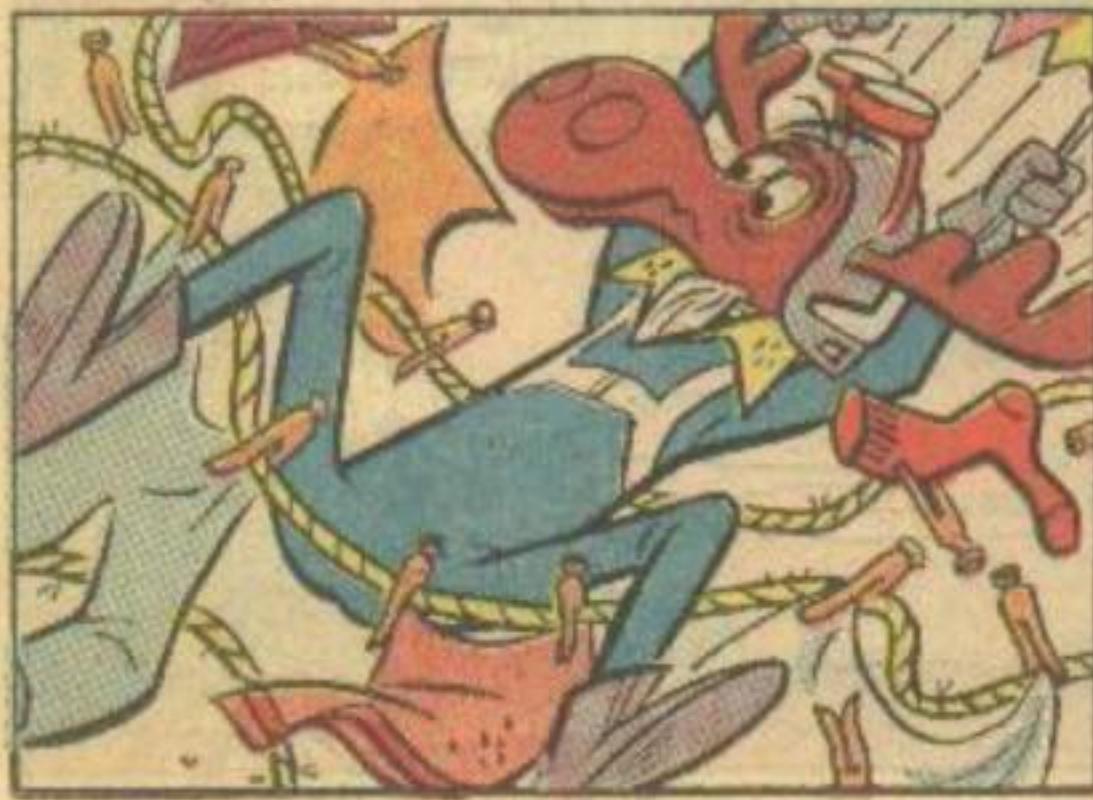
CHEERIOS 'N' MILK GIVE
US PEOPLE MUSCLE-MAKIN'
PROTEIN...

...AND LOTS OF
GO...GO...GO!



DO YOU MEAN THAT EVERYONE
SHOULD GO WITH THE GOODNESS
OF **CHEERIOS**?

MOST ASSUREDLY,
ROCK!



Hanna-Barbera

CAVE KIDS SUPER-SITTER

WHAT'S THIS?
ROCKY RANGER
PUBLIC HERO
NUMBER ONE ...
BABY-
SITTING,
OF ALL
THINGS!!

HOW DID EVERYTHING
GO, ROCKY?

JUST PEACHY,
MRS. MARBLE!



AMAZING! USUALLY ADULT
BABY SITTERS END UP
CALLING THE POLICE!

HEH! YOUR
SON, MEENIE,
AND I HIT IT
OFF OKAY!

I TOLD HIM HOW I CAUGHT THE
SLAB-HILL MOB, AND HE'S BEEN
SO BUSY IDOLIZING ME SINCE THEN
THAT HE'S HAD NO TIME FOR
MISCHIEF!



WELL, ANOTHER JOB ... ANOTHER
JINGLE IN MY JEANS!

HI-HO, FLAPPY-SAURUS!

PEEP!

EH? MY GRAPEVINE
PHONE IS TWITCHING...



YES, PROFESSOR TILE... I'LL BE
HAPPY TO ACCEPT A DIFFICULT
SITTING JOB! BE RIGHT OVER!

BUT PROFESSOR TILE
HAS NO CHILDREN! HE'S
AN ECCENTRIC OLD
ZOOLOGIST!

SIT ON MY WALK-A-SAURUS' EGG WHILE I TAKE
HER TO THE FOOT DOCTOR! WALK-A-SAURUSES
ARE PRONE TO GET SORE FEET BECAUSE THEY
WALK SO MUCH!

OHO! I
SEE!

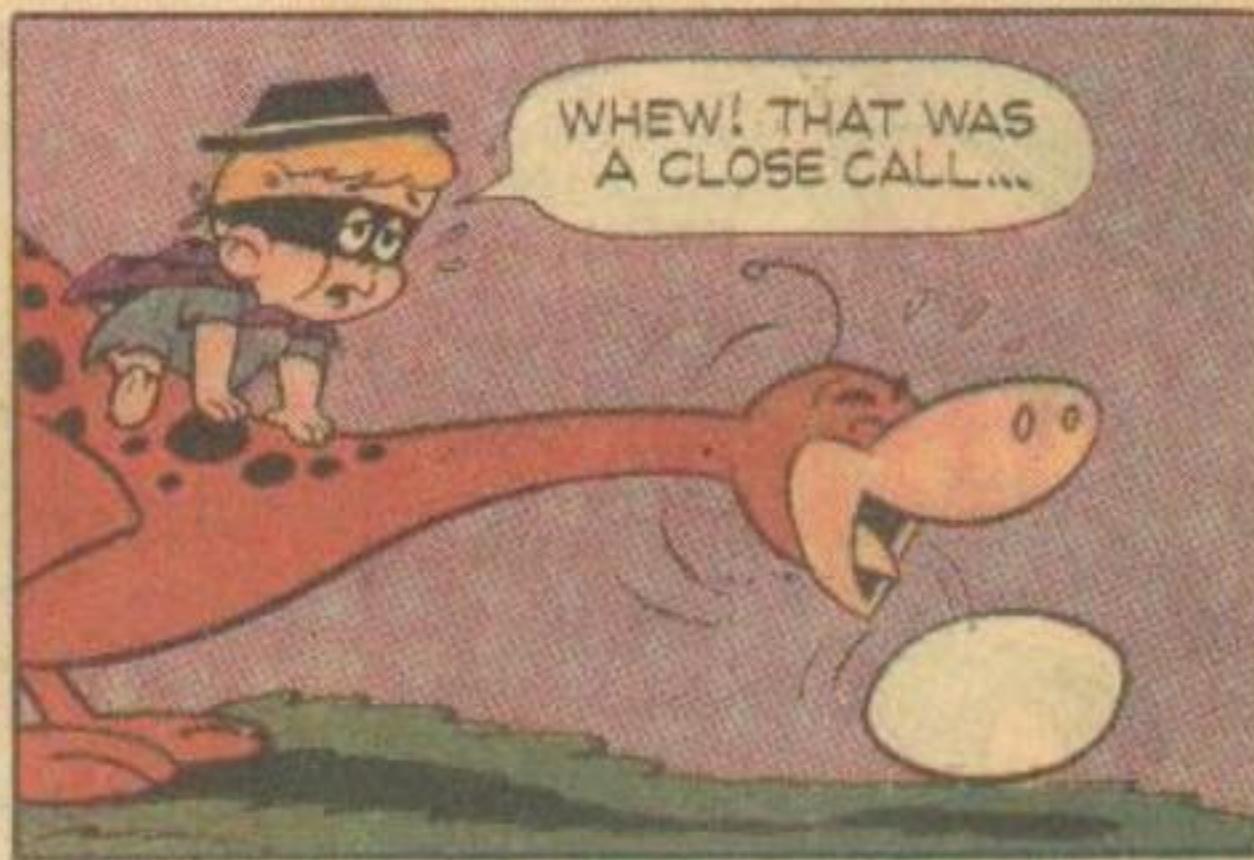
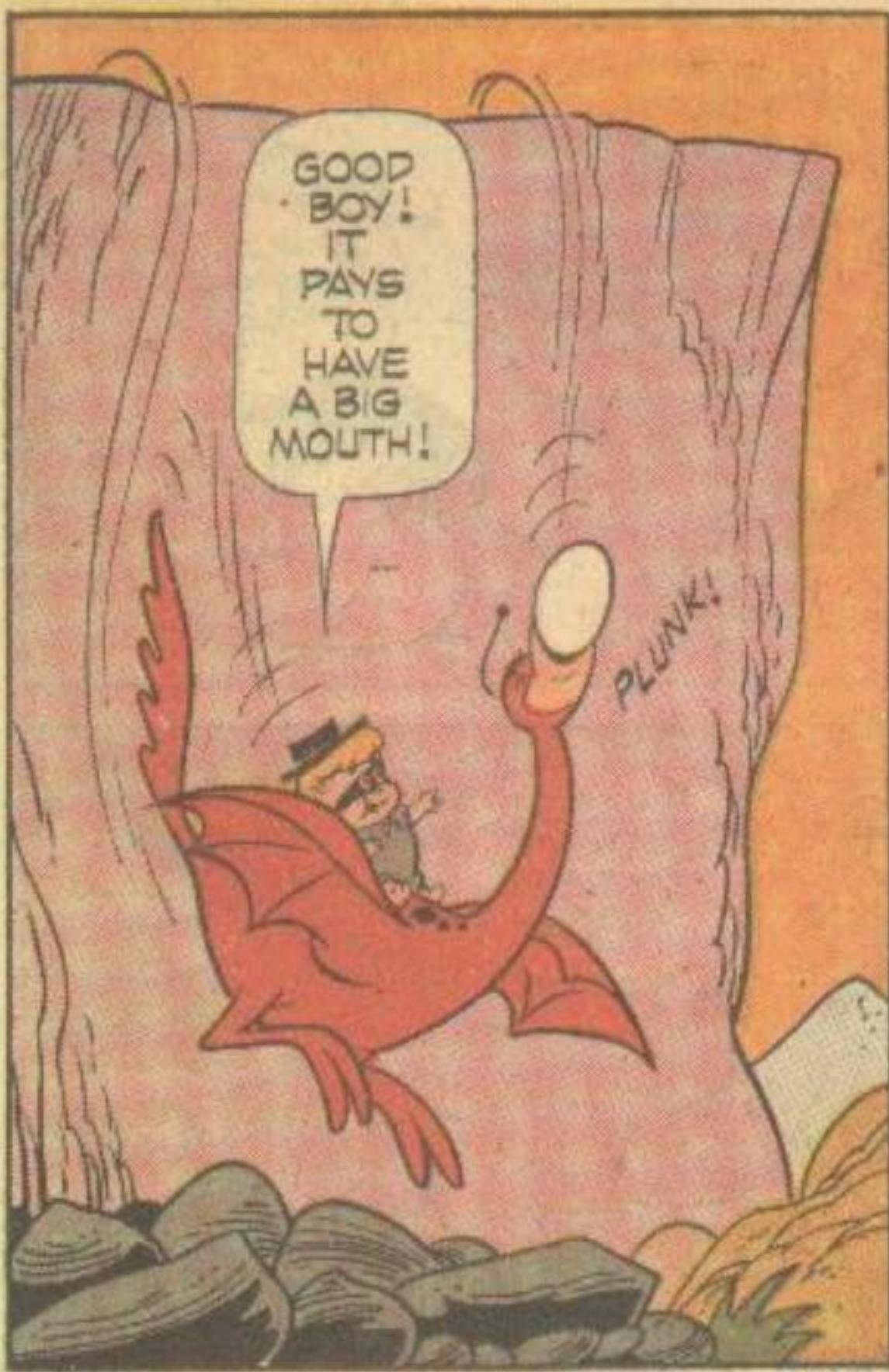
EVEN **BABY**
WALK-A-SAURUSES START
WALKING AT A **VERY**
EARLY AGE! S'LONG NOW!

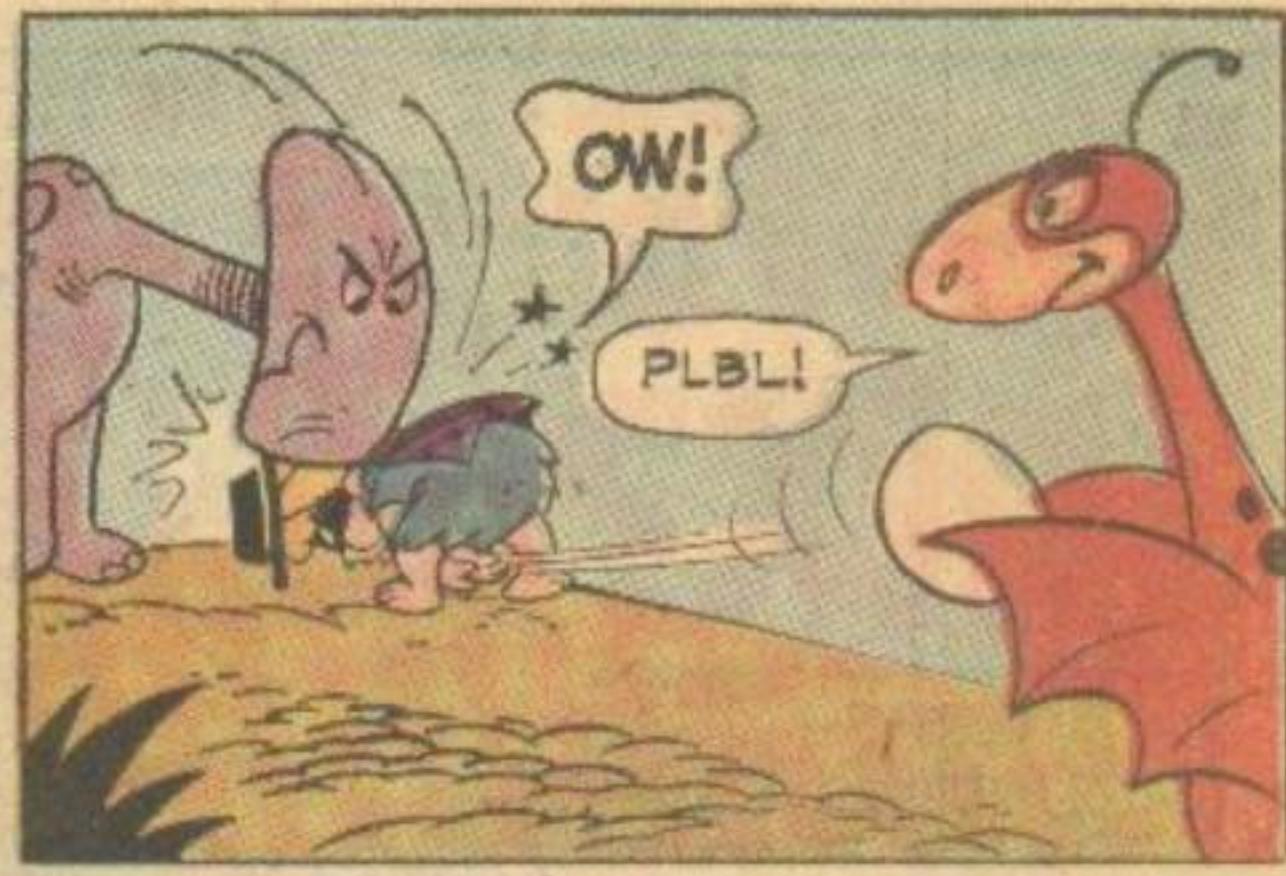
GOOD-BY,
SIR!

HUMPH!
IT'S **SILLY** FOR
ME TO BABY-SIT
AN **EGG**... AND
STILL SILLIER
TO ACTUALLY
SIT ON IT!

I DON'T SEE WHY I CAN'T
JUST PLOP DOWN IN A
NICE **SOFT** **SANDSTONE**
CHAIR!

WHUPS!
LOOK AT
THAT EGG
ROLL!





IF THERE WERE ONLY SOME *SAFE* WAY TO TAKE IT FOR A WALK!

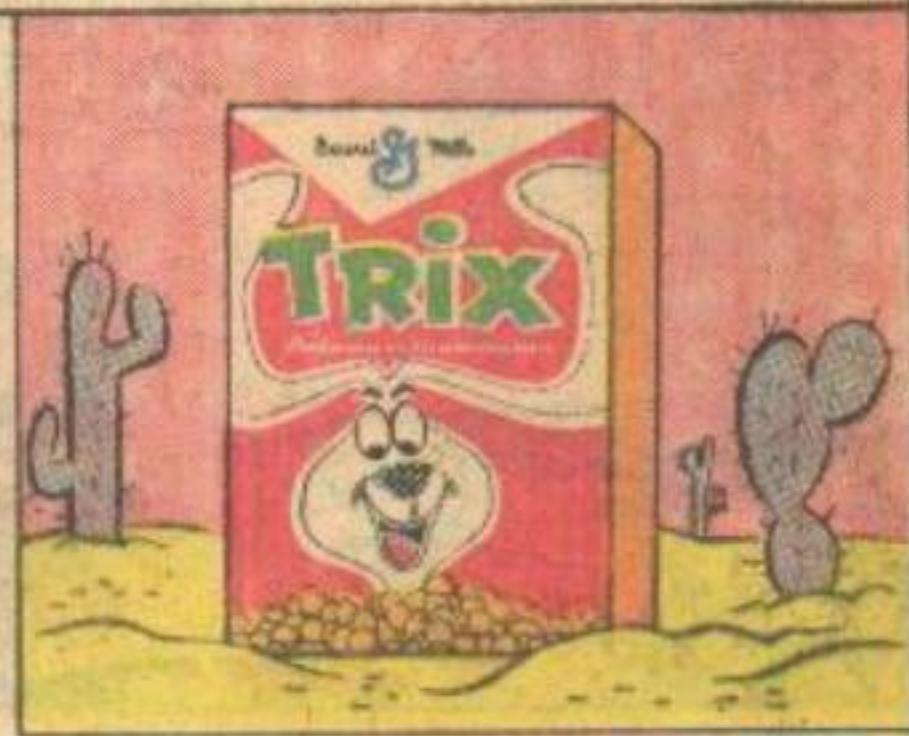


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HOW'S TRIX?

WORTH
ROUNDING UP...

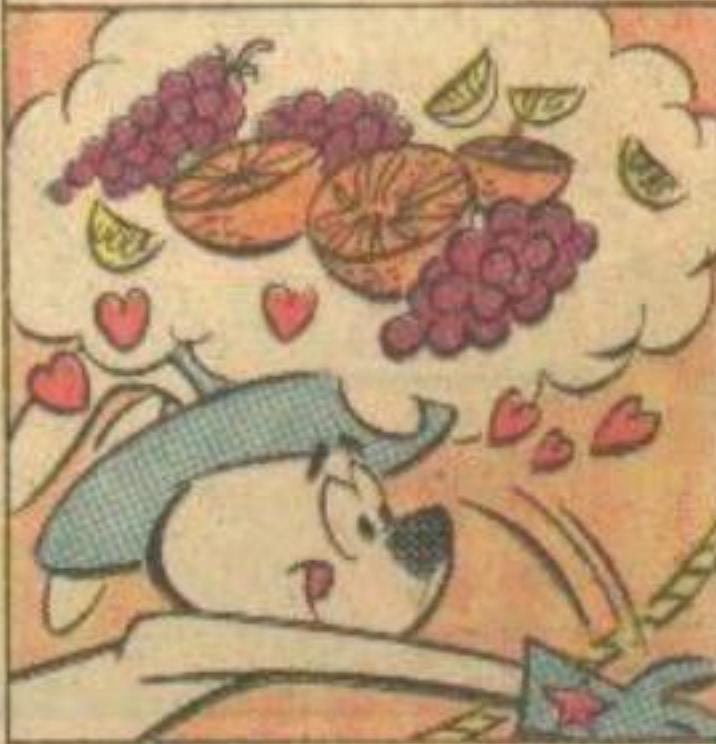
TRIX ...THE CORN CEREAL WITH...



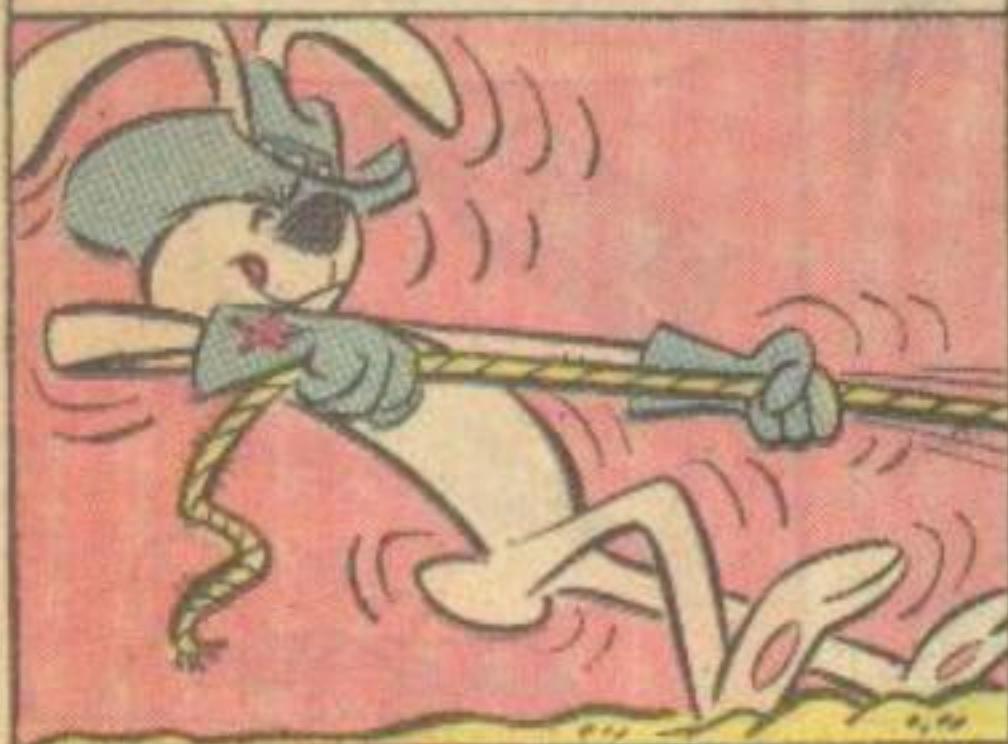
THE TANGY TASTE OF NATURAL FRUIT...



FRUIT COLORS, TOO!



AND AS WE ALL KNOW...



BONANZA
DOCTOR SOLAR
DANIEL BOONE
MIGHTY SAMSON
THE TWILIGHT ZONE
KORAK, SON OF TARZAN
THE MAN FROM U.N.C.L.E.
BORIS KARLOFF TALES OF MYSTERY

YOU GET MORE
ADVENTURE
AND
ACTION

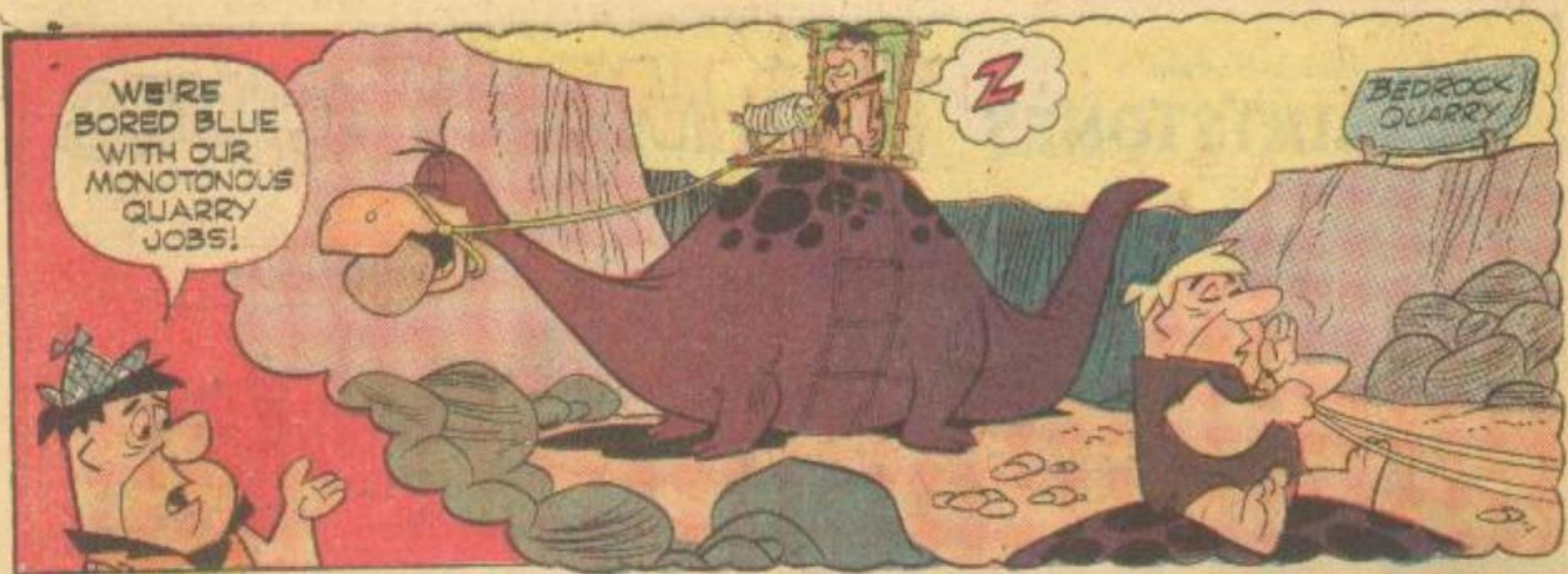
TOTAL WAR
THE PHANTOM
THE LONE RANGER
TARZAN OF THE APES
TUROK, SON OF STONE
MAGNUS, ROBOT FIGHTER
RIPLEY'S TRUE WAR STORIES
VOYAGE TO THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA

GOLD KEY COMICS

Hanna-Barbera

THE FLINTSTONES TOO MANY CLUES

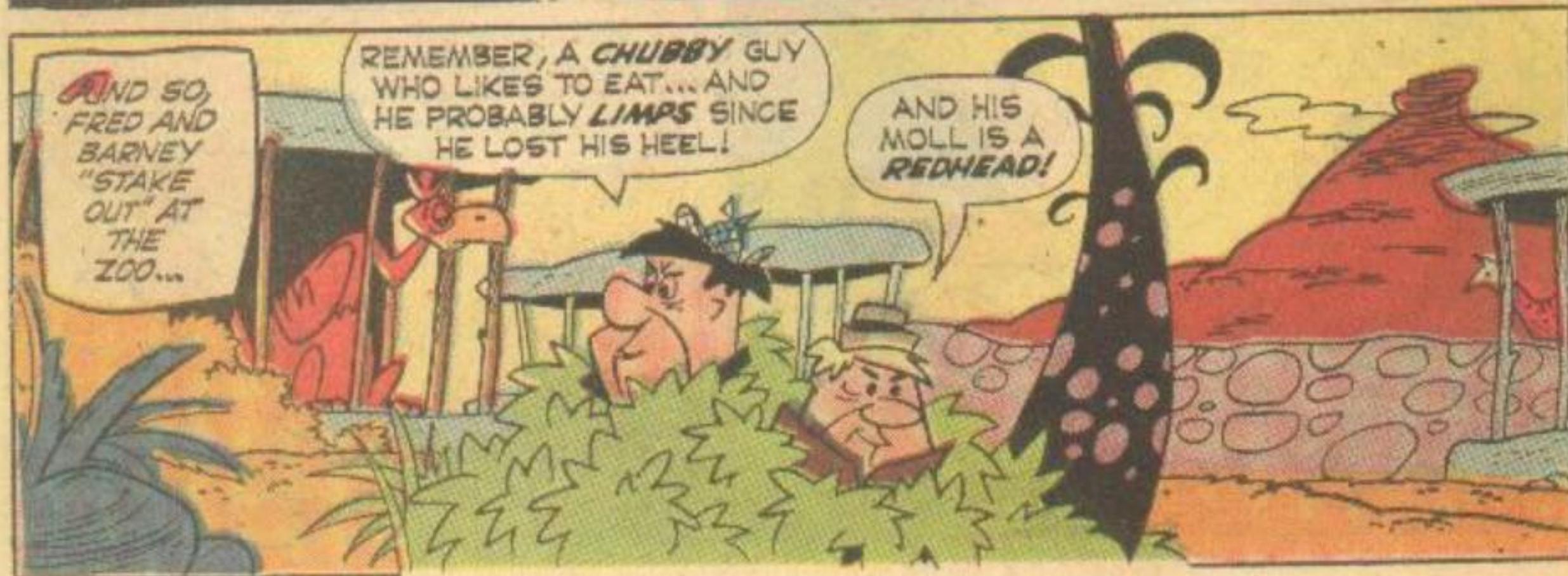


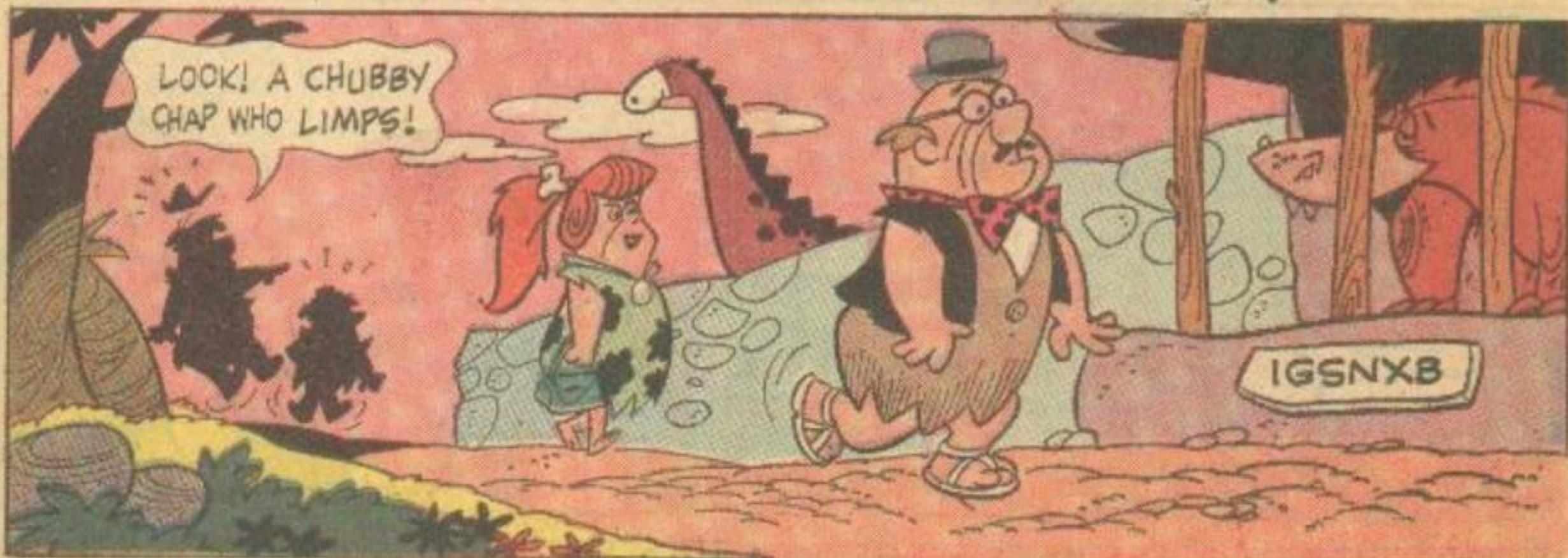


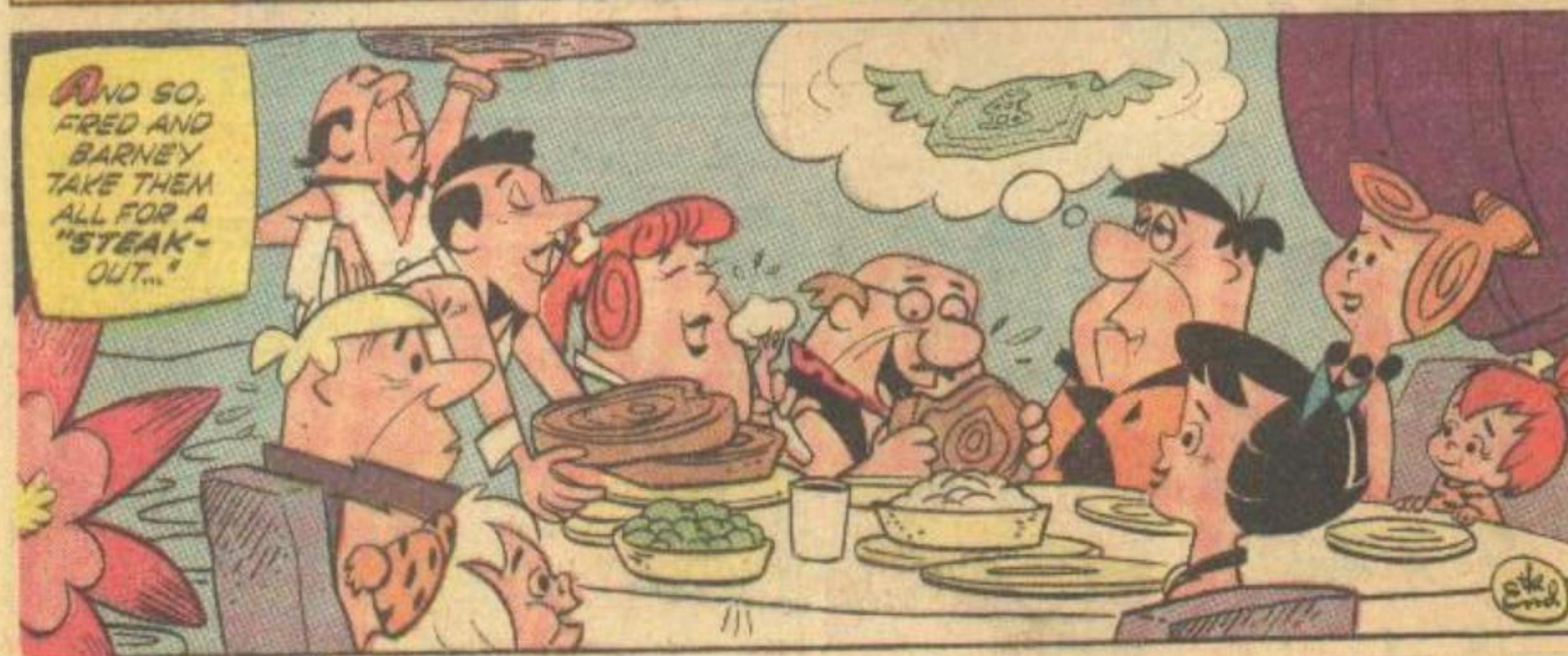












Hanna-Barbera

FRED and WILMA

BUT WHAT'S WRONG
WITH THE BED WE
ALREADY HAVE,
WILMA?

FURNITURE

OH, FRED... A CANOPY
BED IS HIGH-CLASS!

HMM...
HIGH-
CLASS,
EH?...

OKAY... I'LL
BUY IT!

